Dear George without a prayer of for thee
my orisons shall never rise

Ellen Anne Clarke.

vows address and sing the
cheering roving Being the
cheering roving as we to
1806

The blooms opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Can nought of purity display
To emulate his mind Harriet Anne Clarke. 1810
Buckminster or no prayer 1806
Cooper or no play ~~1804~~ years.

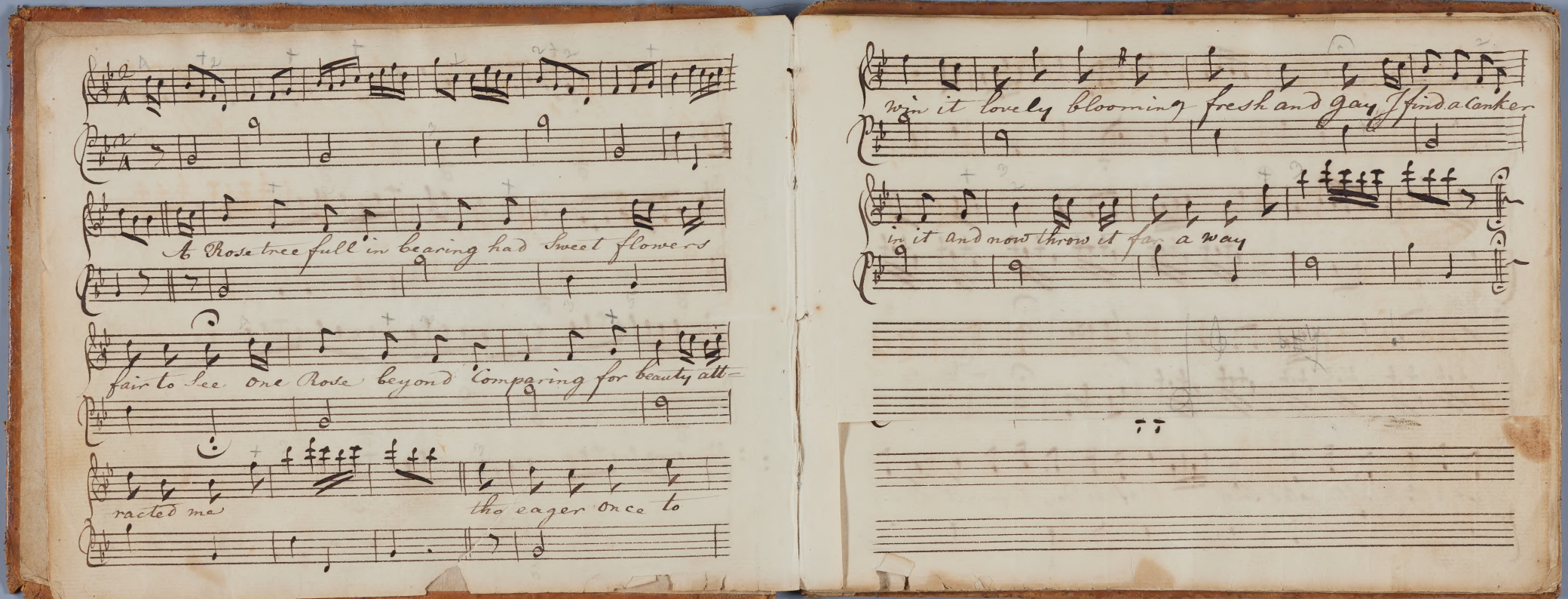
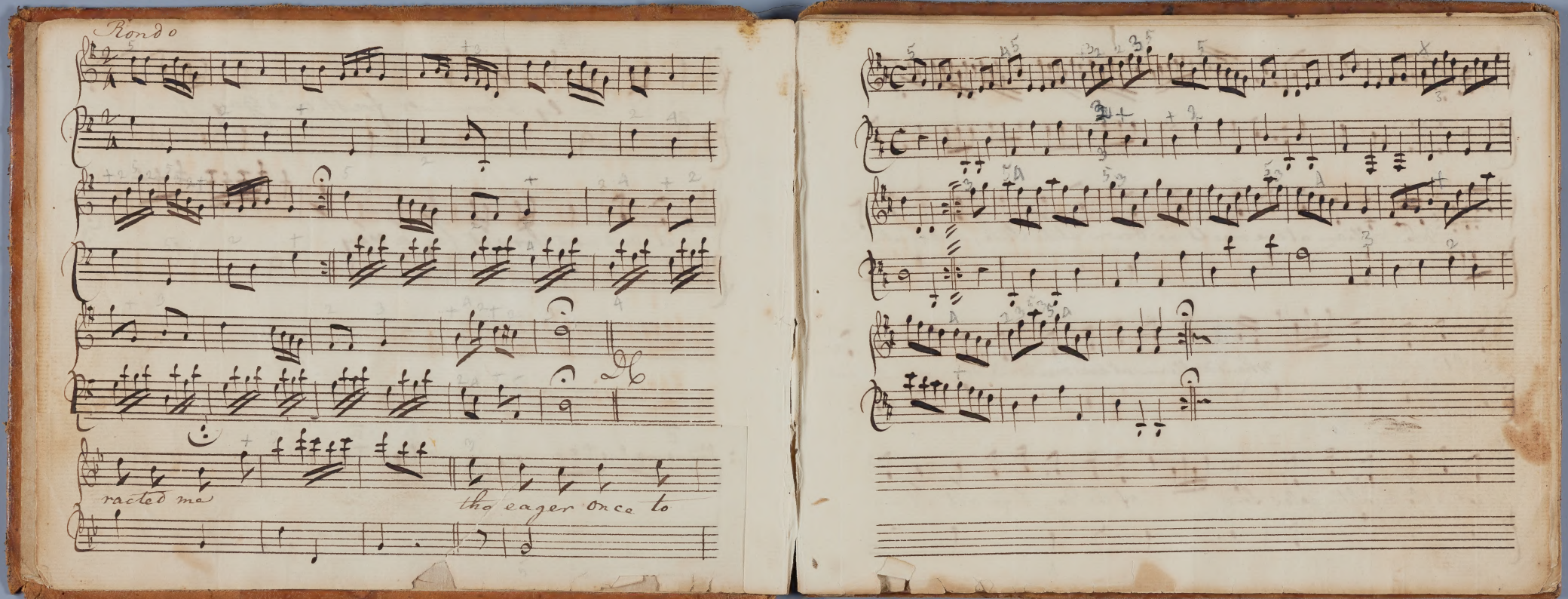
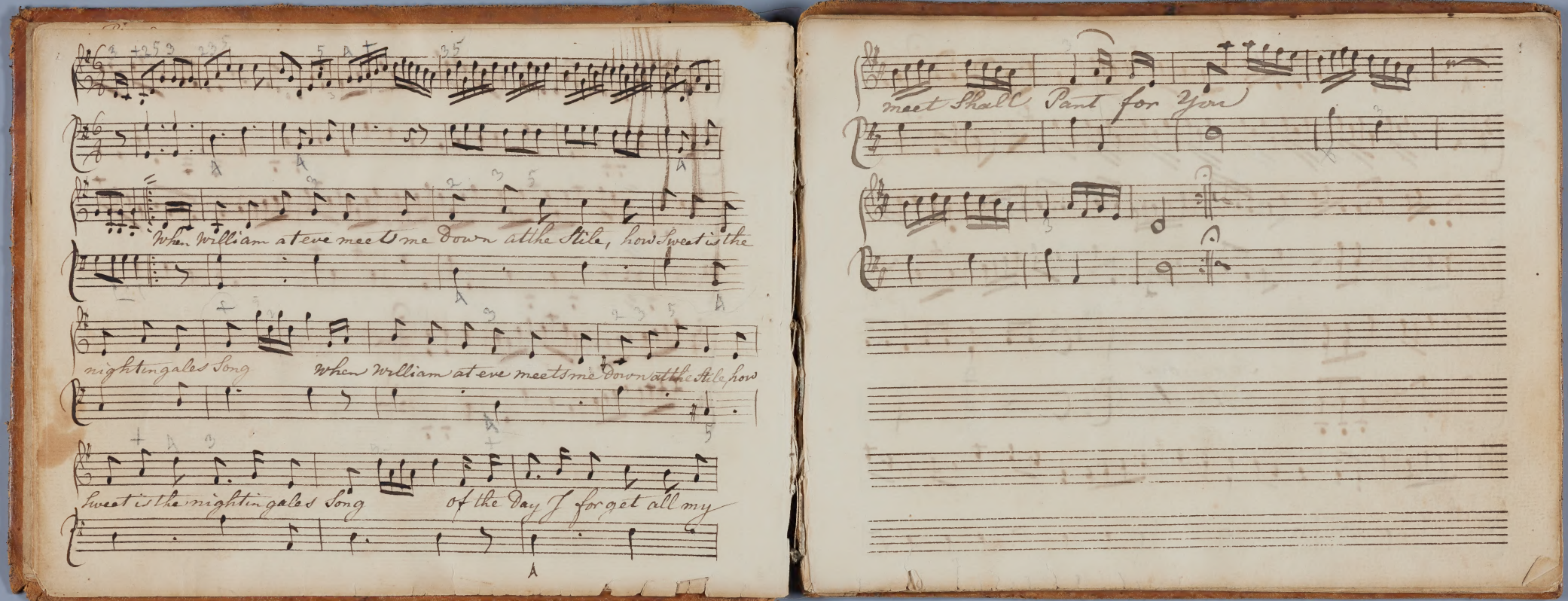
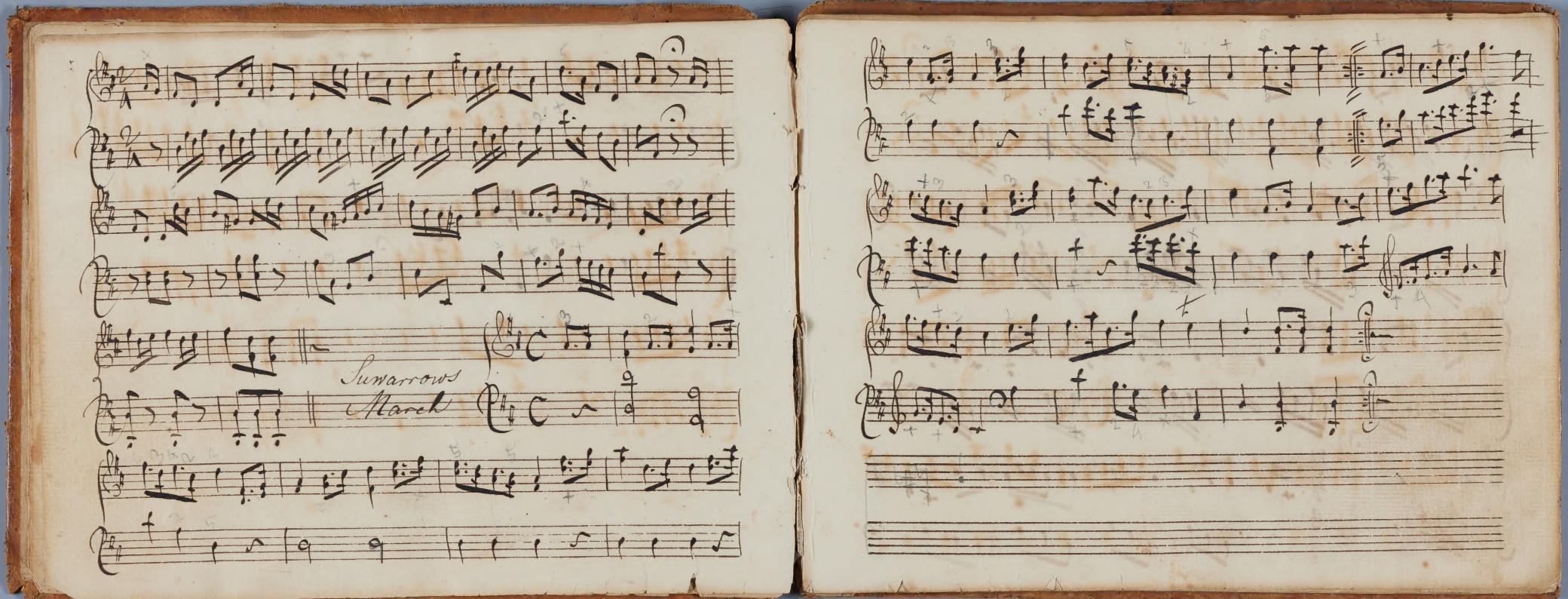
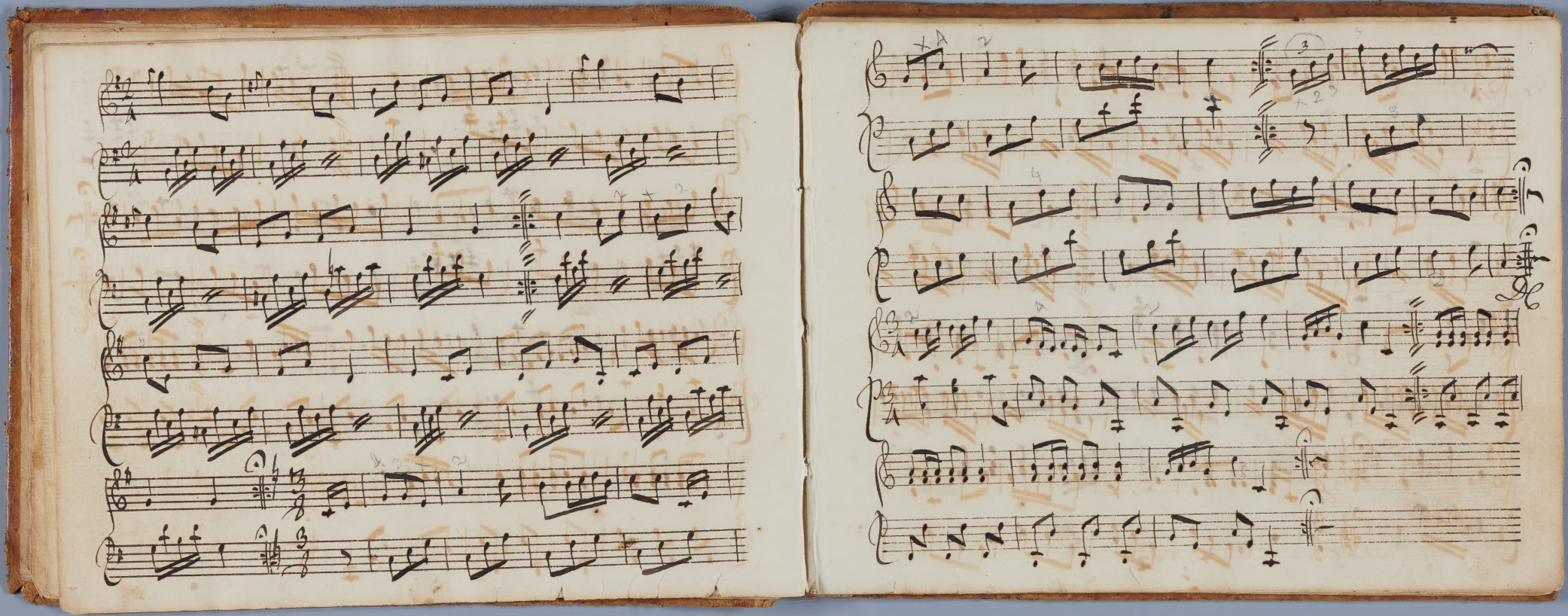
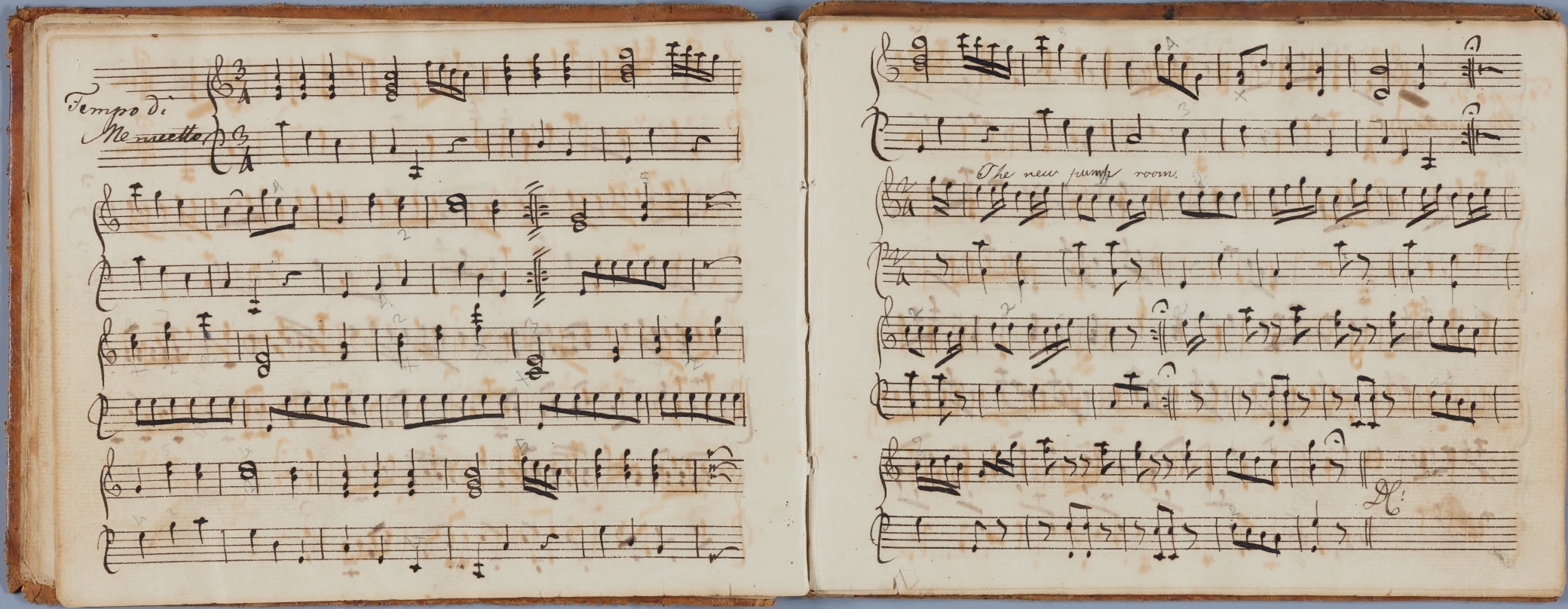
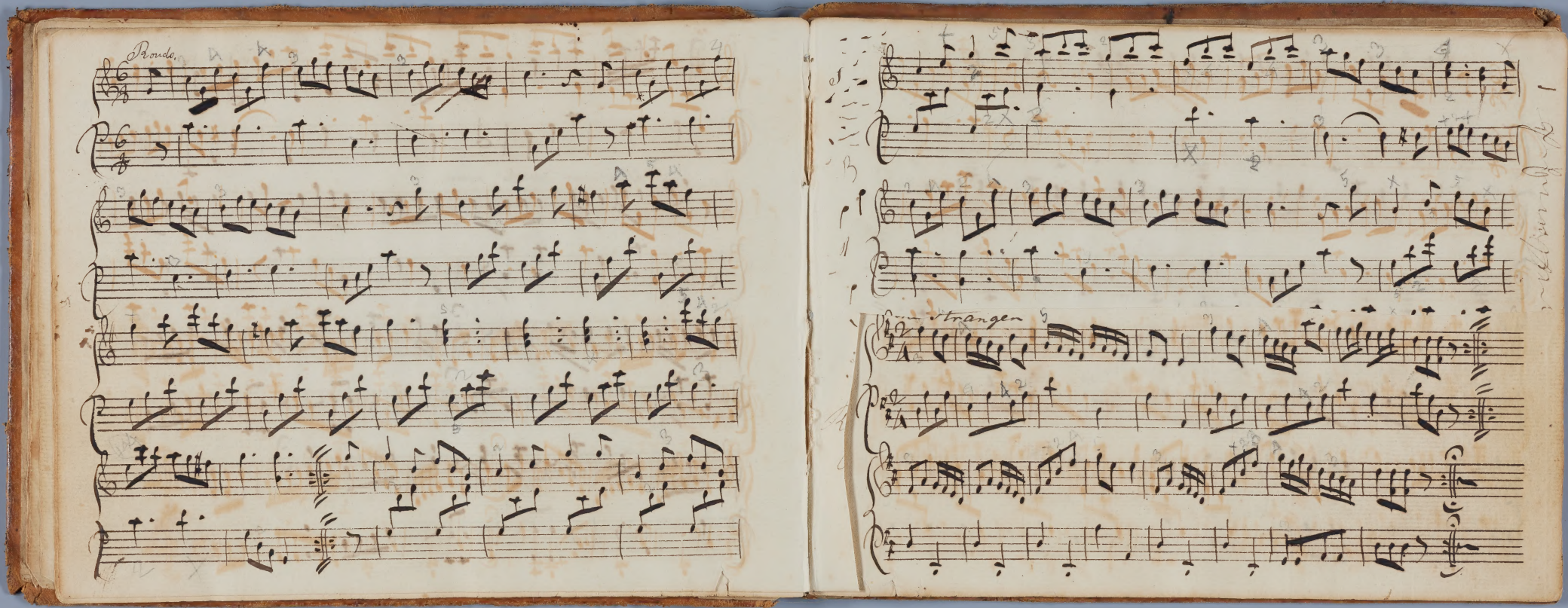
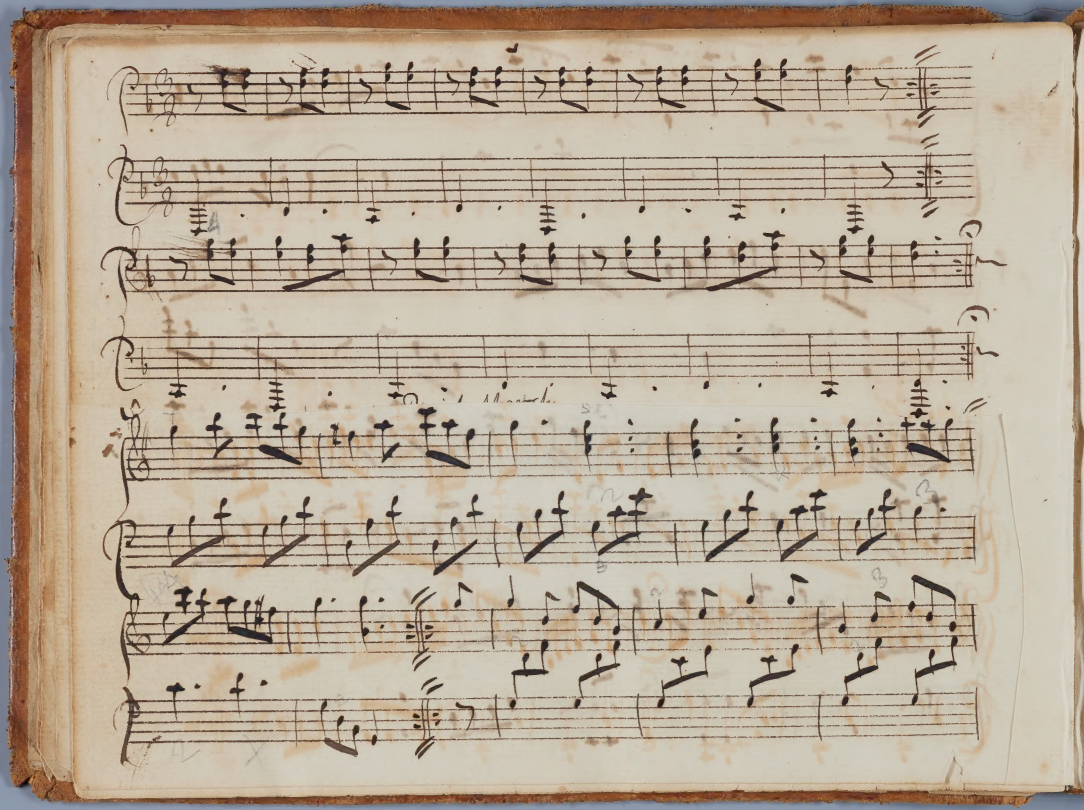
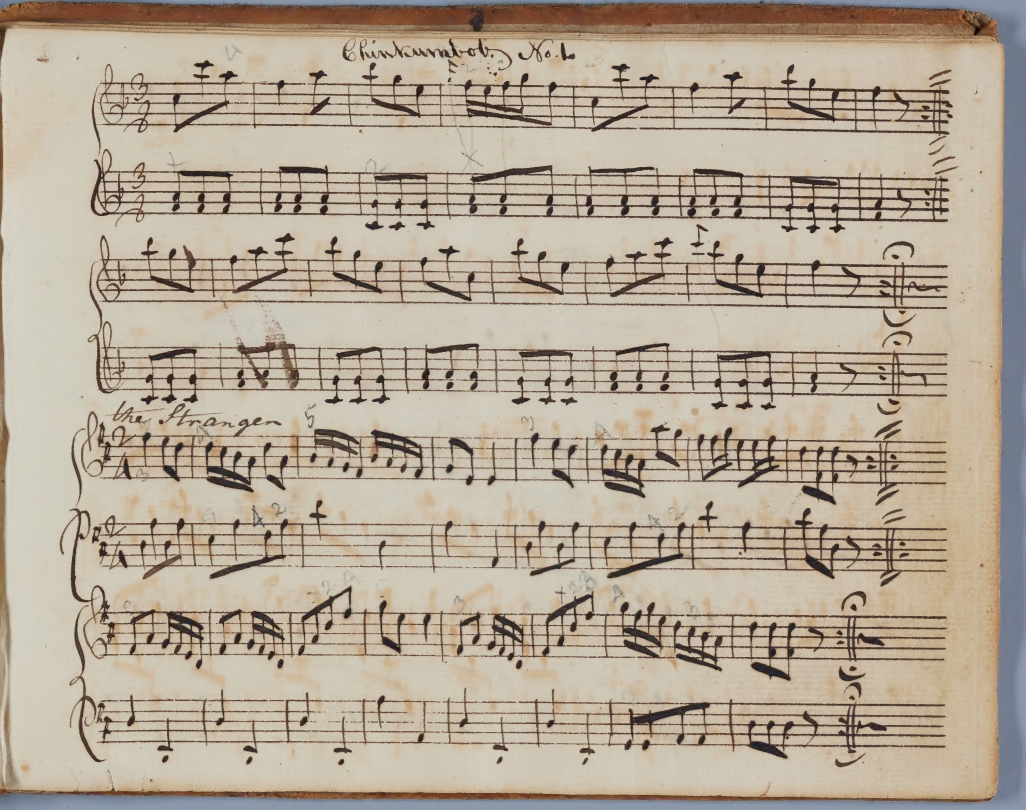
Harriet Anne Clarke Her Book

Ellen

1 Catherine Lovell Donnison.

Eben.

Eben Appleton

Soldiers Joy.

A Rose tree full in bearing had Sweet flowers
fair to see one Rose beyond comparing for beauty att-
racted me
tho eager once to
win it lovely blooming fresh and gay I find a canker
in it and now throw it far a way

Rondo
racted me
the eager once to

When William at eve meet Me me down at the Stile, how Sweet is the
nightingales Song
When William at eve meets me down at the Stile how
Sweet is the nightingales Song
of the day I forget all my
meet Shall Part for You

Suwarrows
March

Tempo di
Menuetto
The new pump room

Rondo.
Von strangen

Chinkaumabob No. 6
the Stranger

Away With Melancholy

a way with melancholy now doleful Chanses Ring on life and

hmmm fully but merrily merrily sing fa la come for

on ye merry Lads Smiling morn Comes we'll Strew the
Whats the use of Sighing When time is on the wings Can We Pre-

way with flowers and merrily merrily sing fa la
vent his flying then

The Death of an Indian Warrior.

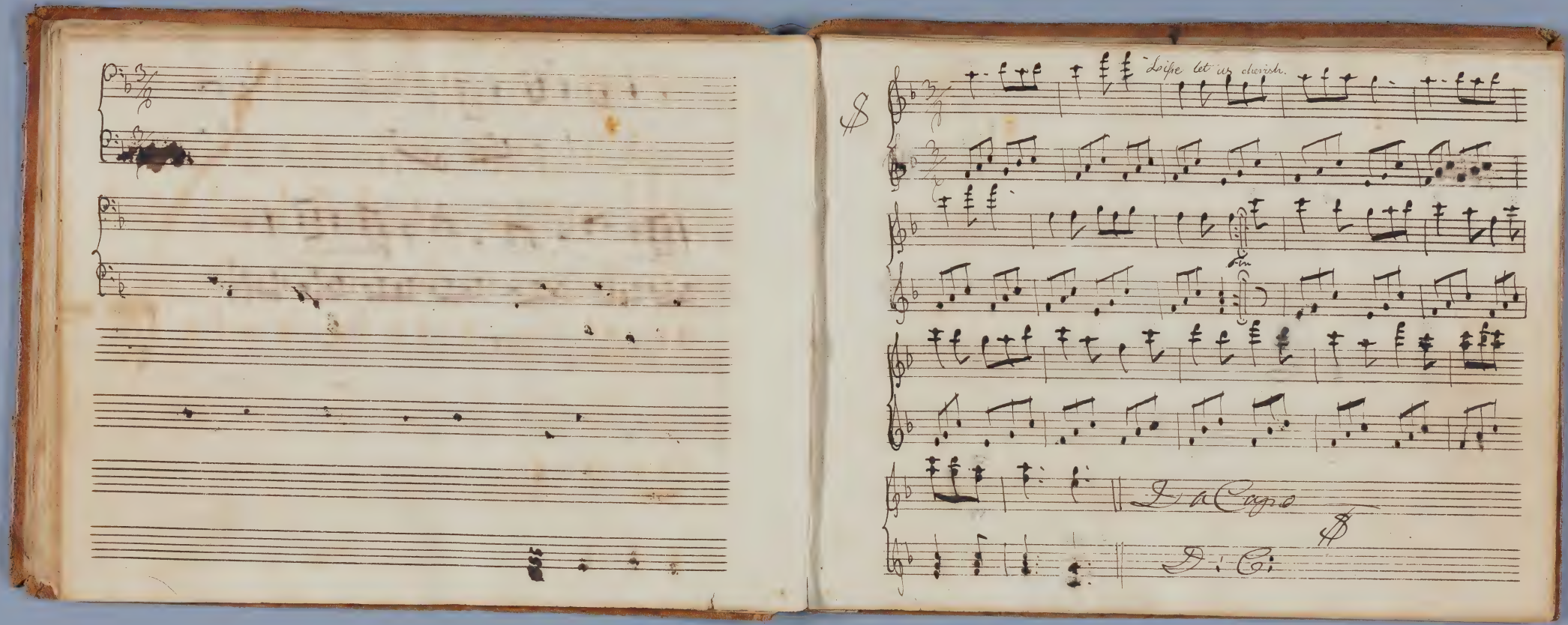
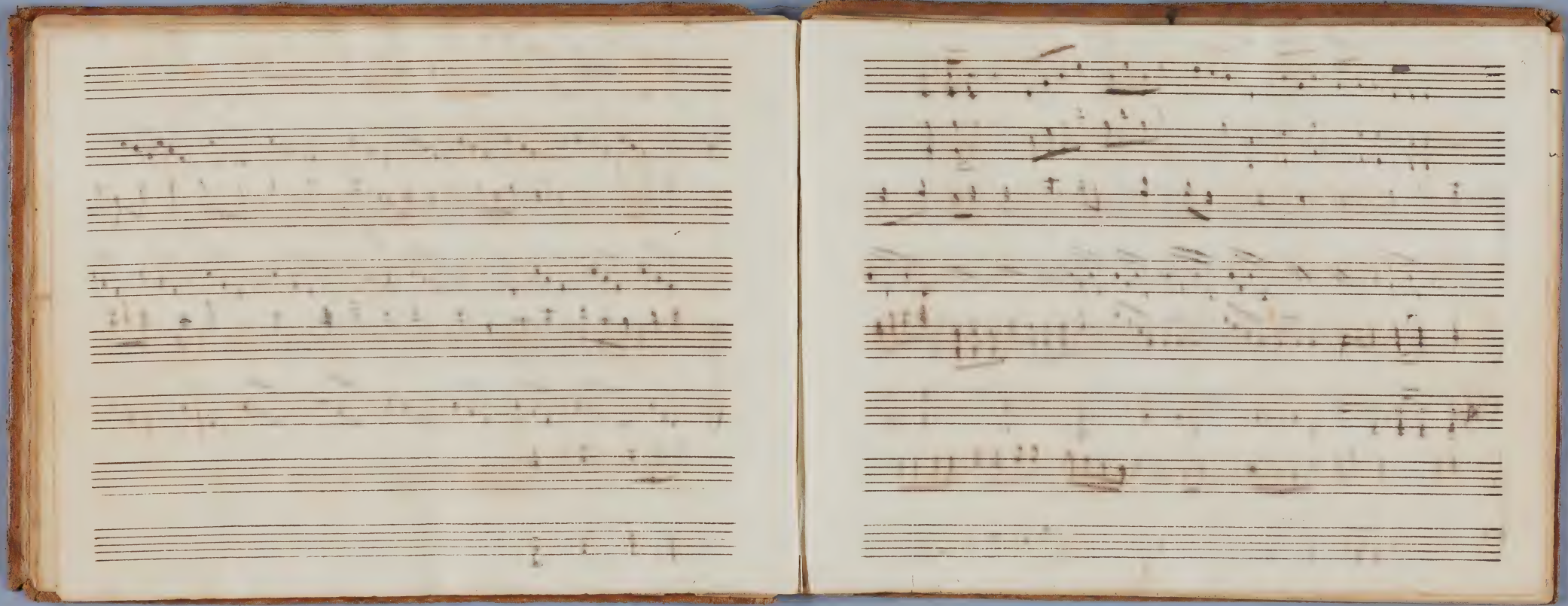
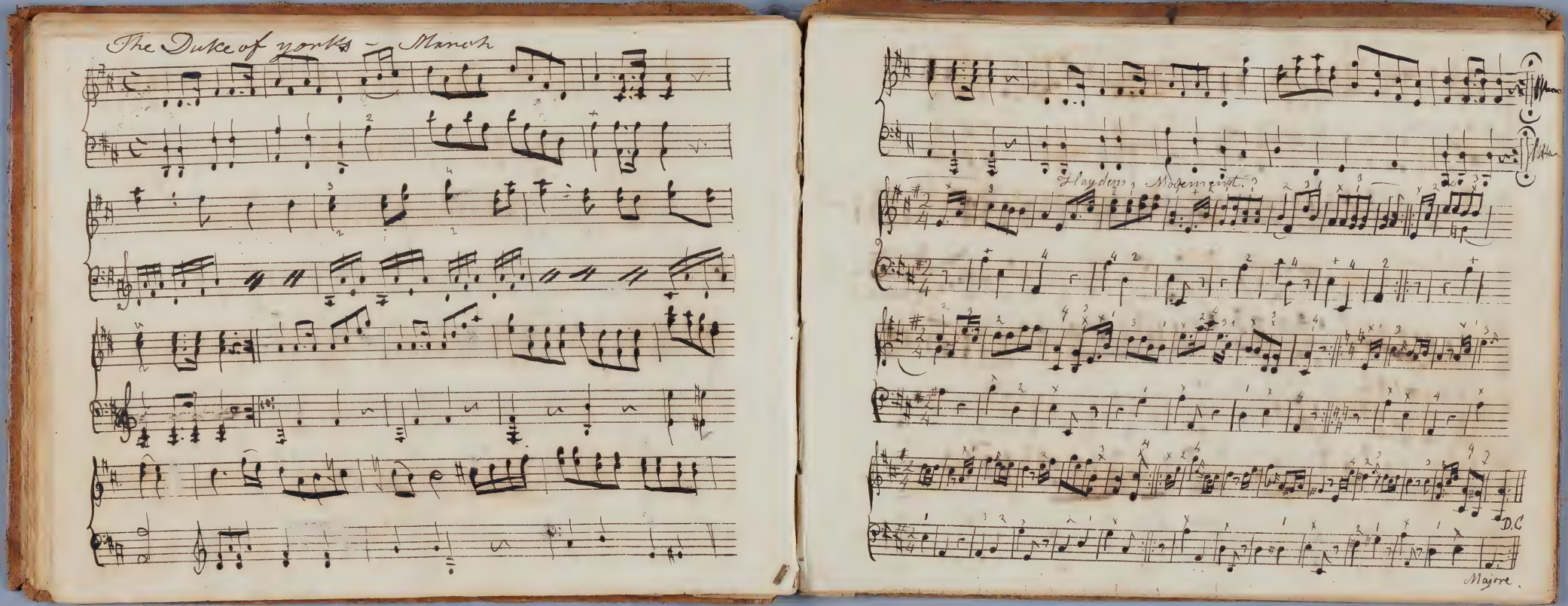
The Sun sets at night & the stars shun the day but glory remains when their light pases away, be

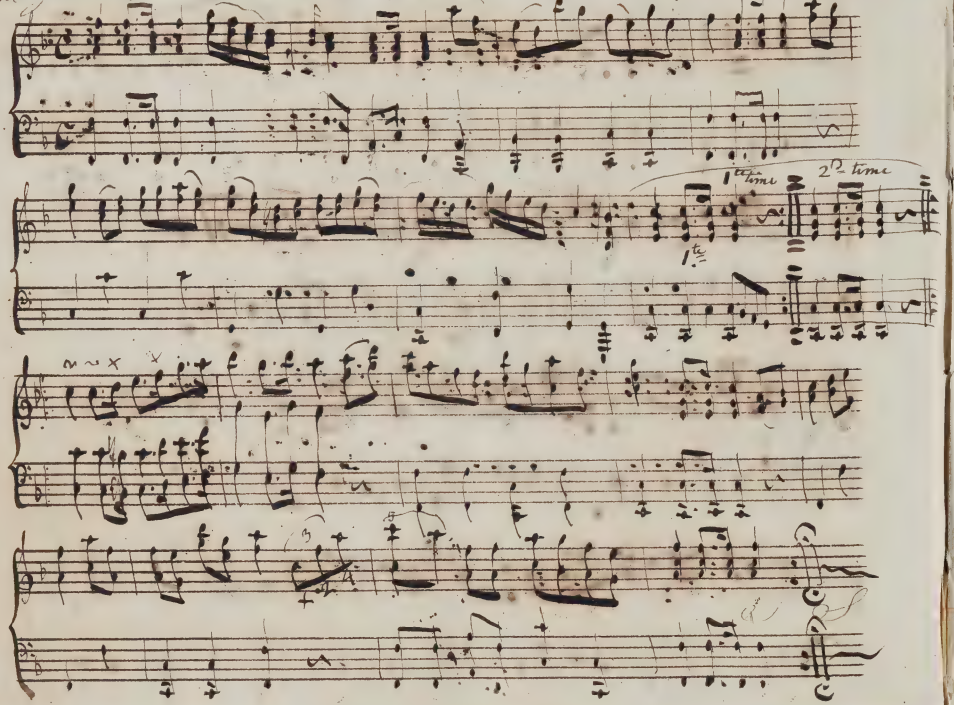
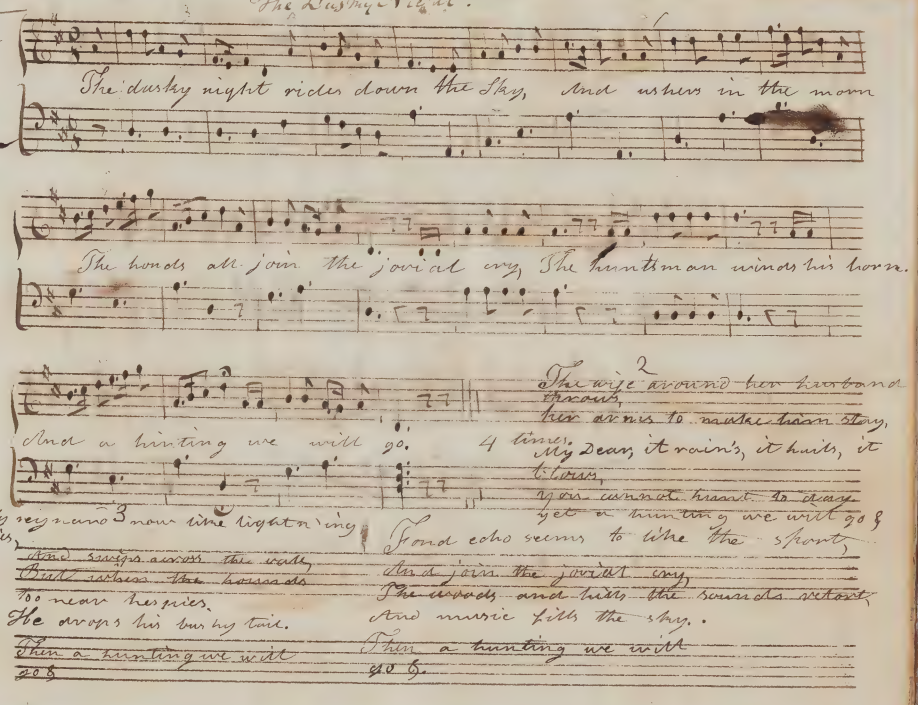
ginge tormentors your threats are in vain for the son of [illegible] never complain.

2 Remember the arrows he shot from his bow, Remember your chief by his hatchet & bow, Remember your Wife & her pale babes who [illegible] from your sullens away,
Why so slow! do you wait till I shrink from my pain, Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
For the son of Alknomack never complains. But the son of Alknomack never complains.

3

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His Ghost shall rejoice in the Parsol of his sons,
Death comes like a friend & relieves me from pain
For the son of Alknomack can't learn to complain.

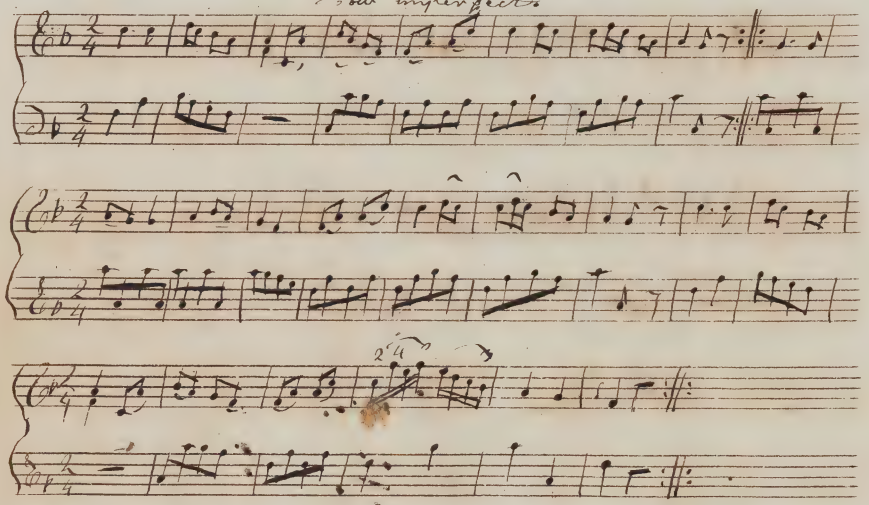

Loïse let us cherish.
D. C.

The Duke of yorks Marsch
Haydens Menuett.
D.C
Majore.


The Grand March in the Battle of Prague
Composed by Kotzwara.
1st time
2d time

The Dusky Night.
The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in the morn
The woods all join the jovial cry, The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.
The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My Dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
yet a hunting we will go &
Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And joins the jovial cry,
The woods and hills the sounds retort,
And music fills the sky.
Then a hunting we will go.

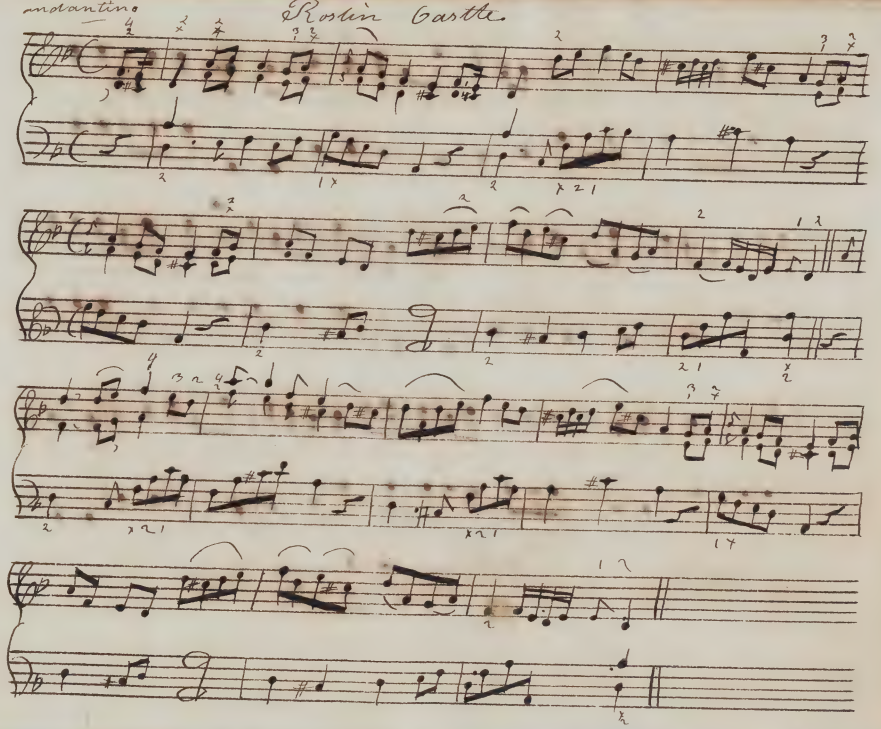
At last his strength to faintness
Down
Then hungry homeward wer returning
To pass away the night
stand a drinking jug

Ye jovial huntsmen in the morning
Prepare them for the chase,
Rise at the sounding of the
horn,
And hearth with sport embrace,
When as trimtong's.

To our imperfect.



Rosslin Castle.



Drink to me only

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine, Drink to me only

with thine eyes & I will pledge with mine, but leave a kiss within the cup and

I'll not ask for wine, Drink to me only with thine eyes & I will pledge with mine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would exchange for thine
Drink &c

I sent thee late a rosie wreath
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
Drink &c

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent it back to me
Since when it blooms and smells I swear
Not of itself but thee.
Drink to me only &c

Raptured hours.

2

3

3

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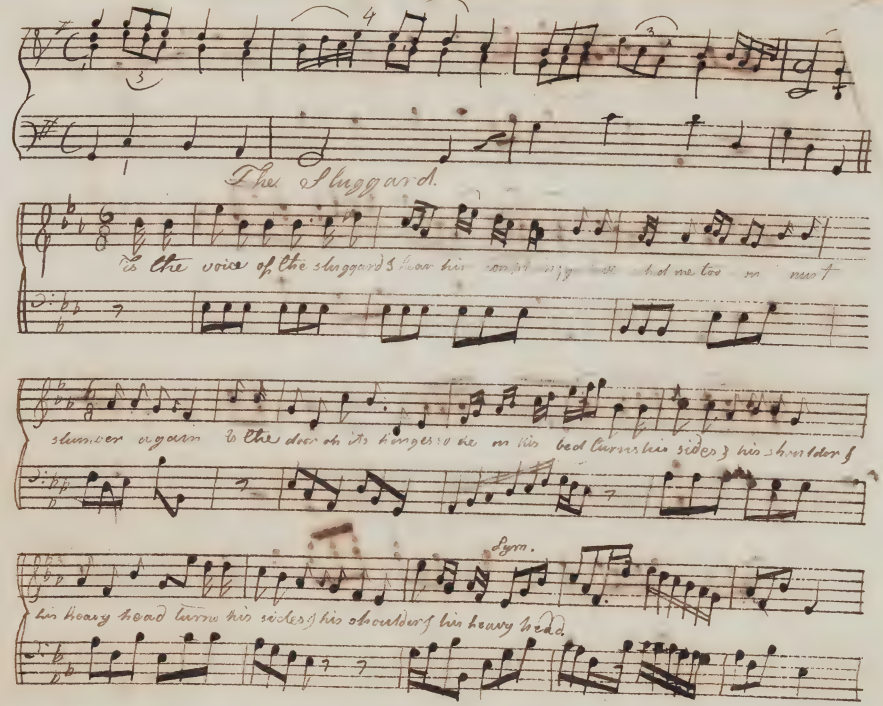
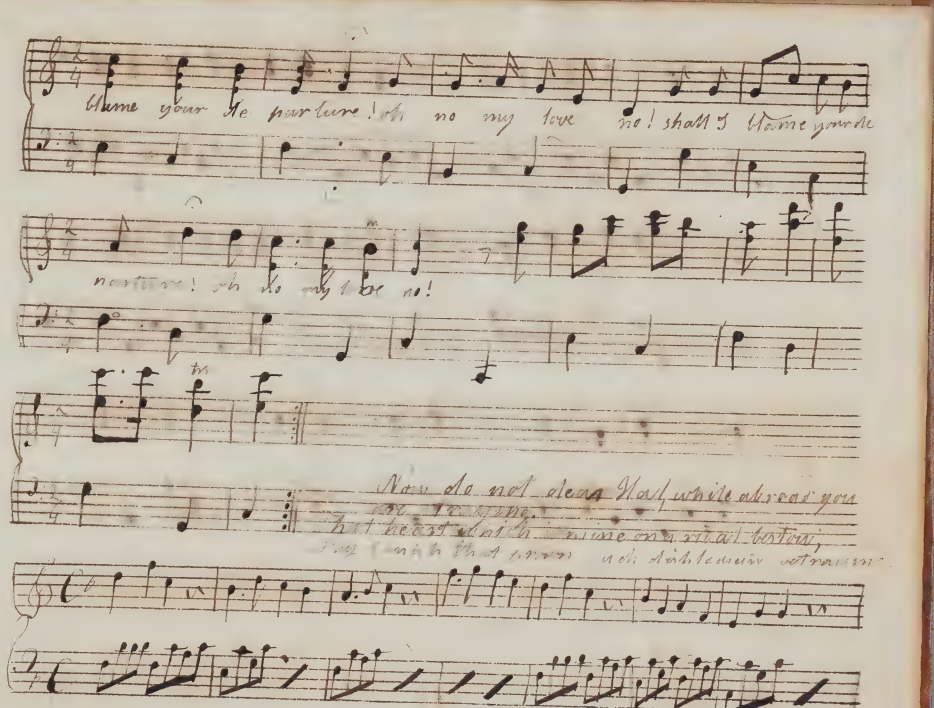

The Sluggard.
'is the voice of the sluggard; hear him complaining 'you have made me too early
slumber again. as the door on its hinges; so he on his bed. turns his side; his shoulder;
Dym.
his heavy head turns his sides; his shoulders; his heavy head.


blame your Re parture! oh no my love no! shall I blame your de
parture! oh no it may be no!
Now do not depart Half while abroad you
but be as much mine on a strict bottom,

Bounding billows

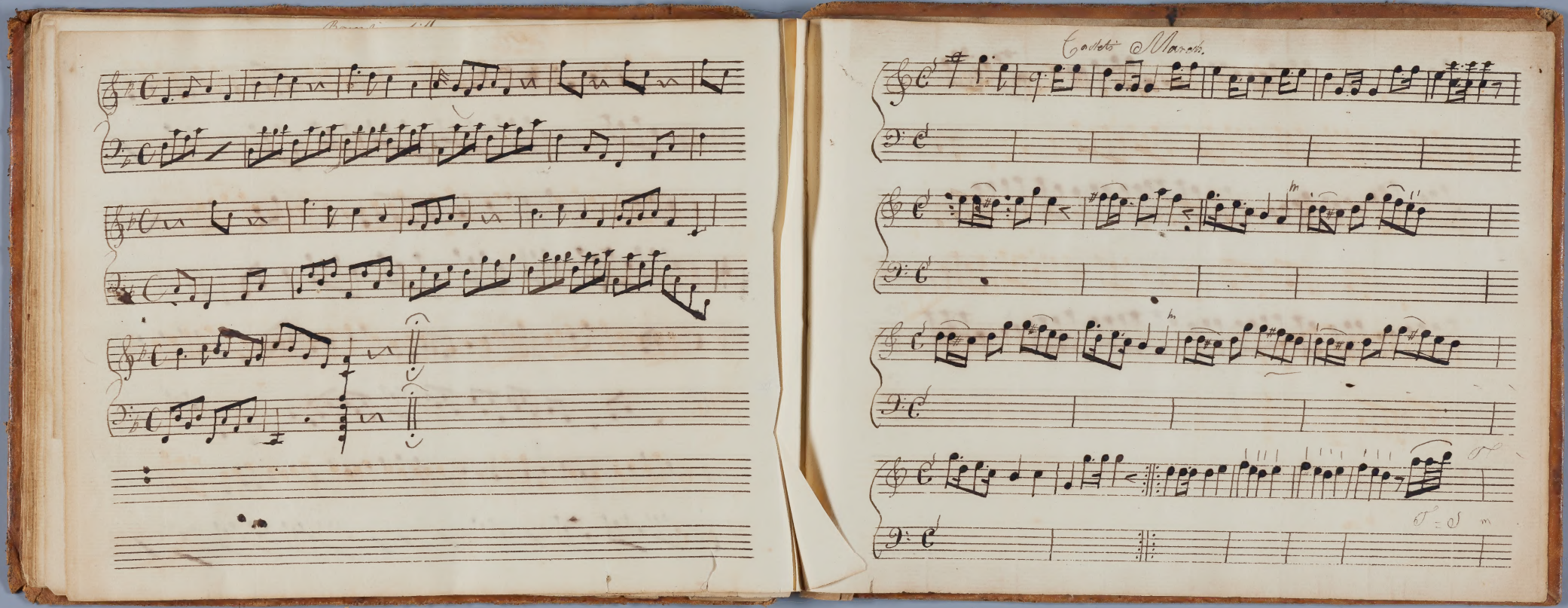
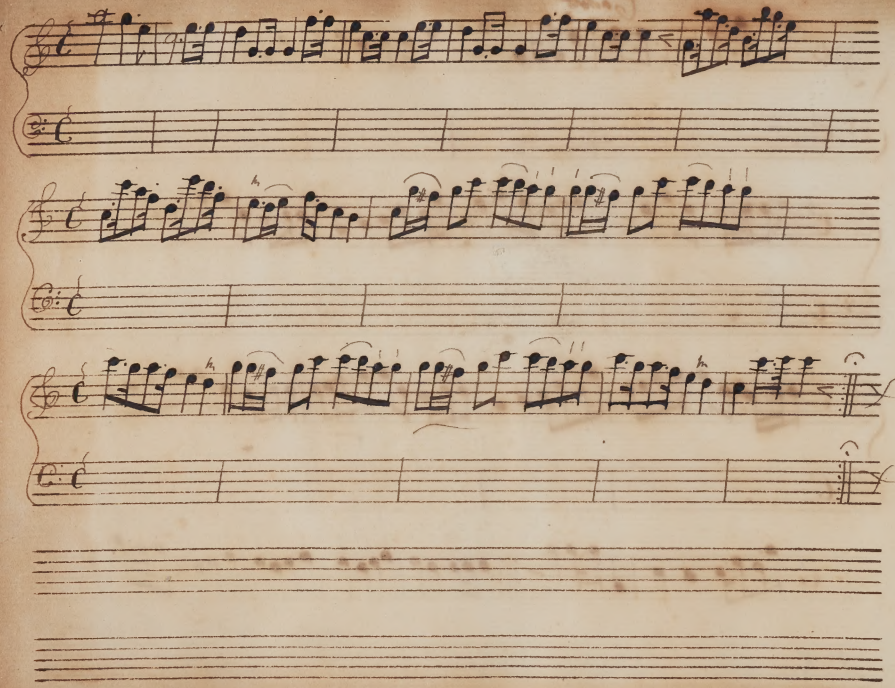
Bounding billows cease thy motion — Bear me not so swiftly o'er

cease thy roaring foaming ocean — cease thy roaring

foaming ocean — & will tempest thy rage no more

dyn.

his heavy head turns his sickes & his shoulders his heavy head

The Cuckoo

Harriet Clarke ~ 1810.